

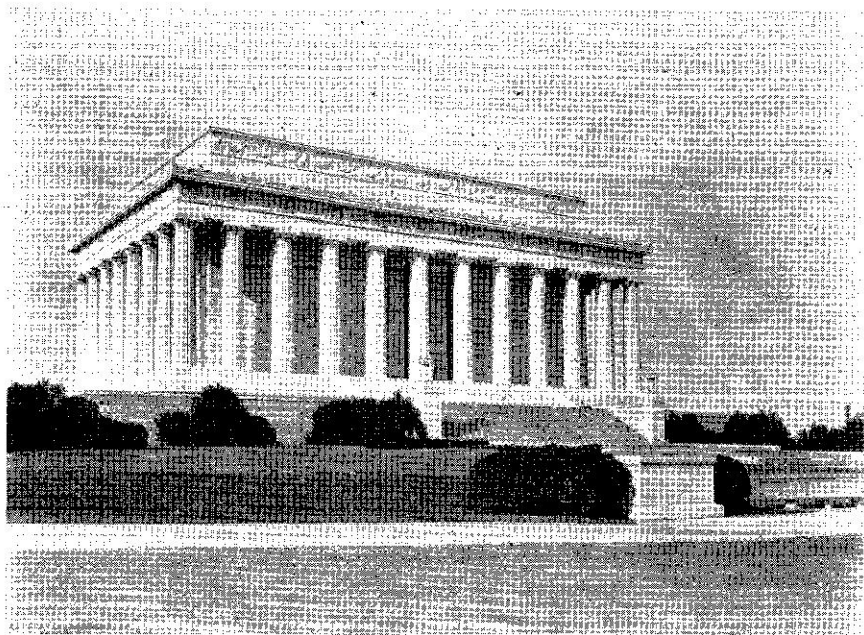
The RAINBOW REVEILLE

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE
Rainbow Division Veterans

Vol. 14. JANUARY—1935—FEBRUARY No. 3



*"In this temple—
As in the hearts of the people—
The memory of Abraham Lincoln
Is enshrined forever."*



THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

Rainbow Division Veterans



A national association of veterans of the Rainbow (42nd) Division, to perpetuate that spirit of comradeship which was the greatest single factor in the success of the Division and to keep alive the memory of departed comrades.

M. MANNING MARCUS, President
328 Munsey Building,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

The RAINBOW REVEILLE

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RAINBOW HISTORY

Speedy publication of an official history of the Rainbow Division by Gen. Henry J. Reilly seems assured in the program achieved by the history committee meeting at Columbus, Ohio, on December 16. This is very good news indeed to the men of our association. Many excellent histories of organizations within the 42d Division, and several very interesting books on the Division have appeared. No authoritative history of the Division has been offered to Rainbow men until now. Unquestionably, every veteran of the 42nd will desire to secure the forthcoming work; will read it eagerly, and forever cherish it as the record of a proud part of his life.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

The subscription list for this history has been opened, as related elsewhere in this issue. If everyone who can conveniently do so will forward the subscription price of five dollars for a copy, the final stages of the work will be completed and publication will be accomplished soon. It is entirely fitting that the rank and file of our association should thus share the duty and privilege

of assuring the completion of this great work, initiated and carried so far by the interest and support of a small group of Rainbow leaders. It will thus become an undertaking of the Rainbow Division Veterans in which every member can take pride. The Reveille fervently hopes that when we foregather in Washington, D. C., next July for the Seventeenth Annual Reunion, President Marcus will be privileged to announce that the official history of the Rainbow Division has gone to press.

REORGANIZING THE 42ND

The article on "The Rainbow Division Today" in the last issue of the Reveille attracted a great deal of interesting discussion. In future issues some of the contributions on this subject will be published. A pointed and interesting commentary on this subject, from an authority we are not at liberty to name, may be thus briefly summed up.

"From a sentimental viewpoint there is much to be said for the formation of a Rainbow Division in our National Guard setup. Each of the other historic Divisions of the World War have been perpetuated by the establishment of similarly numbered Divisions and component units, each the successor to the traditions and glories of the war-time organization. The omission of the 42nd from this plan is undeniably regrettable, for the preservation of the glorious Rainbow tradition and esprit de corps would certainly be of inestimable worth in a war-time establishment. But sentiment must be sacrificed to the practical difficulties entailed in the maintenance of a Guard Division with units from widely separated areas. Such a Division would be far more expensive to maintain, and its field training would entail many complications. The project is one I view with a very sympathetic interest; but it is not a practical plan."

SENTIMENT VERSUS LOGIC

The Reveille is glad that the objections to this plan are practical and not sentimental; for it is an American habit to overcome practical difficulties. Sentiment, on the other hand, is rather an irresistible force. Sentiment is the mainspring of war. In wartime, especially, it is a force which annihilates logic. Sentiment, not logic, impels a man to leave his family and face death on the battlefield. If public sentiment, and a belief that the preservation of the Rainbow would add to the effectiveness of an American army in the field, we may be very sure indeed that a war would result in the rebirth of a Rainbow Division.

IN TIME OF PEACE Since the prime function of our National Guard is to prepare for war, why not NOW face the inevitability of the Rainbow being formed should war eventuate? Should the elements which are now elsewhere assigned be removed from their present Divisions in a last-minute reorganization of the 42nd, it would gravely handicap these Divisions. A high authority has said, "It would set them back a year."

DO IT NOW If we are ever to have a Rainbow Division, we should establish it now. The sound of a bugle, calling our nation to arms, would draw the old Rainbow Division elements together with an irresistible force. Let us bring them together now, at the most logical time. **NO AMERICAN ARMY WILL EVER BE TRULY COMPLETE WITHOUT THE RAINBOW DIVISION.**
HAROLD B. RODIER.

CHALLENGE The Baltimore Chapter PRESS has opened a counter-attack on newspapers with a veteran-sniping policy.

And when a veteran bites a newspaper, that's news! They opened their drive with a visit to the Sunpapers. The Sun, morning and evening, is recognized in this part of the country as an outstanding, even a great newspaper. But from a queer perversity they have for years shown a distinctly unfair attitude toward veterans. They have denominated veterans seeking benefits from the government as "garbage-can grenadiers" and have pictured American veterans as rapacious grafters, indifferent to the nation's welfare.

T. M. B. WON'T TAKE IT Now it appears that you can fling just so many dead cats at

the T. M. B. Then they get mad. Organizing into a sort of vigilante committee with Jack Clarke leading, Jimmy Lean, Tom Price, Steve Masson, and Harry Fanning invaded the Sun sanatorium. They challenged the press' attitude toward veterans, and charged that the Sun, and the press generally, had been unfair in their failure to clearly differentiate between the dishonest, self-seeking "goldbricker," and the patriotic, reputable veteran; upholding his rights, but as zealous for his country's welfare today as he was in 1918. The Sunpapers in turn suggested that veterans have failed to vigorously condemn and oppose the grafters and chisellers within their ranks, and that the righteousness of their cause has been clouded by their failure to fight the exaggerated claims and abuses arising out of veterans' legislation.

SUPPORT PLEDGED TO REAL VETERANS While maintaining that the Sun has always distinguished between the patriotic veteran and the uniform-exploiter, they indicated that the real veteran (particularly the Rainbow veteran!) could be assured that the Sun would carefully avoid any condemnation of the great body of veterans for the actions of a selfish group of chisellers.

CHAPTER GOES ON RECORD Following this understanding, at the next meeting, the Baltimore Chapter discussed veterans legislation, and went on record in no uncertain terms. We refer our readers, for particulars, to Chapter Chatter, where Staff Correspondent Stansbury has reported the meeting in his inimitable way. The proceedings of this meeting made the front page of the Baltimore press the next day and were carried in full detail. The Reveille reprints here an editorial thereon from the Morning Sun, with the caption, "The Hairy Chests Arrive."

"The men who defended the United States in 1917 are still at it; and that is the worst possible news for those who would raid the republic.

"Ever since the war fake claims, based on nothing real, have been drawing from the Treasury increasingly large sums until two years ago it was estimated that \$440,000,000 was disappearing every year. In other words, the army of chisellers, posing as veterans, had begun to cost more than the regular army or the regular navy.

"From the beginning it was evident to thoughtful people that the politicians would never stop this, that the newspapers could not stop it, that general civic organizations could not stop it. The only people who could do anything effective about it were the real veterans. Only they could deliver a real counter-attack.

"Today the counter-attack has arrived. In the Sun this morning is a declaration by the Maryland Chapter of the Rainbow Division Veterans which, on every disputed point, rings as clear and true as the great record of the Rainbow Division itself. Here is what the real veterans say:

"On the bonus, let the President decide. If he thinks it can be paid, well and good; but if he thinks payment would embarrass the country, so be it.

"On non-service connected disabilities the organization says flatly and emphatically, No.

"On organized veterans' participation in politics, it says even more emphatically, No.

"On chiselling, fake and phony veterans, it says not only that the organization is against them, but that it is

for everybody else who is against them, and will support any who exposes them.

"This, remember, is not the declaration of newspapers, or of pacifists, or of reds, or of millionaires afraid of taxes, or of bankers afraid of inflation, or of slackers afraid of getting their hides punctured. It is the declaration of men who defended the country once at the price of fearful risk, hardship and fatigue, many of them at the price of wounds; men who are not afraid of anything, and who are ready to defend the country again

"With such men in the front line the country was safe from its armed enemies in time of war; who can doubt that with the same men in the line again it will be equally safe from those who would plunder it in time of peace?

"Nobody who understood the situation ever believed that members of the genuine A. E. F., the boys with hair on their chests, were doing the looting. The only question was, would the hairy-chested element ever wake up and put a stop to the pillage? Apparently it is waking up, and if that is true, the great days of the grafters are over."

IDENTIFY YOURSELF

Has it ever occurred to you who read the columns of this magazine that out of better than forty thousand men who at some time served with our Division that we have the correct addresses of only 9,500 men, who are kept informed on Rainbow activity by our national headquarters and through the medium of the Rainbow Reveille. There are literally thousands of veterans who are not aware that we have one of the finest divisional organizations in existence today, and it is YOUR DUTY to get this message to them, and see that THEY IDENTIFY THEMSELVES with the R. D. V.—DO YOU WEAR THE OFFICIAL RAINBOW GOLD LAPEL BUTTON? This is one of the finest ways to "SELL RAINBOW," and, incidentally, you will learn to know many former Rainbow men by their recognition of YOUR BUTTON. When meeting veterans of the World War, the customary query is, "What outfit, Buddy?" and when he replies, "The 144th," you wonder what outfit that was. But NEVER in all your travels did you reply, "The 42nd," but what the recognition came back at once—"Oh, the Rainbow." We can not help but take this opportunity to pay tribute to Past President Wilber M. Brucker for his outstanding administration of 1933-34 and if he has done nothing more than make possible our National Rainbow Hour over NBC's coast-to-coast network he did more to put Rainbow back in the sky, proudly endeared in the hearts of all former veterans of the Division and an understanding public, than any other

single tribute since the World War. Rainbow was the FIRST divisional organization to rate such recognition over a major station hook-up since the war. When you have finished reading this issue of YOUR Reveille, don't just cast it aside and FORGET. Don't DUCK, this is meant for YOU. Do your part—"IDENTIFY YOURSELF WITH RAINBOW".

YOUR ASSIGNMENT

If you have drifted away from your state chapter or sub-chapter, make it a point to attend the next meeting. Your chapter has missed you and wants you to again be one of them. Many people are sensitive to the degree that when misfortune overtakes them they refuse to attend meetings because of inability to pay their dues. In "Rainbow" you are ALWAYS a member by virtue of your service in the Division, and Rainbow knows that you will do your part when you can, BUT, in the meantime, do not stay away from meetings. To YOU who can do your part we urge your loyal support of the old "Rainbow." Start the new year right by turning out with the greatest-gang-on-earth—then enlist your services for the good of "Rainbow," at the same time enjoying the association and goodfellowship born in combat veterans (that passeth all understanding) who served in a truly great Division. Do your part—"IDENTIFY YOURSELF WITH RAINBOW IN 1935."

SHARON C. COVER.

CHAPTER STANDINGS

Chapter	Membership		Enrollment	
	Quota	%	Quota	%
Michigan	\$143	104	358	.0307
District of Columbia	40	97	100	
Maryland	63	84	157	
Nebraska	16	75	40	
Oklahoma	48	70	120	.1583
Indiana	161	51	403	
Virginia	45	51	113	
Illinois	326	40	815	
Florida	32	34	79	
Colorado	24	30	61	
Minnesota	198	30	496	
Iowa	148	27	369	
Tennessee	34	26	85	
Alabama	148	24	371	.0566
California	309	20	772	.0426
Texas	46	15	115	
Pennsylvania	220	14	550	
Missouri-Kansas	102	6	256	
New Jersey	89	4	222	
Ohio	524	4	1309	
Georgia	51	0	128	
New York	606	0	1516	
No. and So. Carolina	106	0	265	
Oregon	28	0	71	
Wisconsin	48	0	119	
Total	\$3,555	24		

RAINBOW BROADCAST

Last year, on George Washington's birthday, the National Broadcasting Company set aside a half-hour of its precious time so that Rainbow-bowers could listen to a patriotic program under the auspices of our Division. This issue of the Reveille has been delayed awaiting the announcement that the company has again accorded us this signal distinction. Word has just been received that the period from 3:30 to 4:00 p.m. (Eastern Standard Time), Friday, February 22, has been allotted to our Association.

The network is WJZ (Blue) of the National Broadcasting Company. A program chockfull of interest has been arranged.

From Cleveland (WGAR) you will hear the voice of Ben Hough, wartime colonel of the 166th Ohio, now major general commanding the 37th National Guard Division and United States District judge for the Southern District of Ohio.

Speaking from Washington (WMAL) will be Minnesota's 151st Field Artillery C. O., George E. Leach. Since the war he served as mayor of Minneapolis and now holds the important post of head of the National Guard Bureau, War Department, with the rank of major general.

From Baltimore (WBAL) you will hear Jack Clarke, successively private, private first class, corporal and sergeant, 117th Trench Mortar Battery. Back in 1929 at Baltimore was staged one of the finest reunions the Rainbow has ever had, and Jack was general chairman.

Noble Brandon Judah, 149th Field Artilleryman and Divisional G-II (Intelligence) will address us from Chicago (WENR or WLS). Colonel Judah's last public assignment was as American ambassador to Cuba, after which he served as our national president (1933).

New York's representative will be Alexander M. Anderson, talking from WJZ at New York. The 165th Infantry has been a long time getting one of its wartime own as its colonel, but when it did, it picked a soldier who rates in every sense of the word. Allie Anderson is the man and if you've forgotten what military discipline means, step into that Lexington Avenue armory in New York some day.

If Olin D. Johnston, once a buck in C Company, 117th Engineers, can get away from his duties at Columbia, he might also say something. Only a few days ago Olin was inaugurated governor of South Carolina.

One of the ranking musical organizations of the United States will supply some real atmosphere. The Army Band, Washington Barracks, D. C., under the command of Capt. Kendall J. Fielder, U.S.A., and direction of Bandmaster Thomas F. Dorsey, has this detail.

Time, geographical, and expense limitations, now quite beyond our control, make it impossible for every outfit to be represented. The National Broadcasting Company's time and facilities are extended free—a great privilege to us, but an expensive one to them. It is hoped in due course the broadcast can be made of such magnitude that all our elements can have representation.

M. MANNING MARCUS,

*President, National Association,
Rainbow Division Veterans*

THE GAMBLERS

By HAROLD BARNHART RODIER

The rain fell ceaselessly, vexing us more than the peril of passing shells, though some of these neglected to pass. Now I regretted my rabbit hutch, for it had been at least half dry, if only a tenth, say, safe. Van Epps, Franklin and the chaplain slugged on ahead while Ludnager and I held back and discussed the weather and war with God. But it was Ludnager, the redoubtable billet hound, who first spied the shell hut. "Look," he cried, and pointed to a cabin of new, unpainted boards, just visible through the pines. A gleam of hope invaded our sodden breasts, and we plodded toward the structure. Approaching, we found a tightly shuttered, weatherproof building, under a camouflage false-work piled with pine boughs. Ready to remove myself apologetically when the major (we guessed must have preempted so rare a shelter) should inquire what the hell we wanted, I tried the door. It opened readily, and within we found no major, but such a store of German gas shells as might have gladdened an ordnance man. Not so us. There, set down amidst a dreary desolation of rain, mud, and death, was a shelter where we might become dry, warm, clean, and even deluded into a feeling of safety. And this haven denied us, not by an incontrovertible major, but by neatly stacked rows of Boche perfumery, three shells to a wicker basket. Jim looked at Ludnager. Ludnager looked at me, and we all eyed the chaplain, and off came our packs. Each taking a basket, respectfully, we carried it carefully to a point some dozen yards away and set it gingerly down. An hour's labor by all of us, supplemented now by Kinny, Marshall and Vollner, found the place clear. So soon can fatigue banish fear, that the latter shells were taken to the door and unceremoniously dumped out. We decided we were dealing with phosgene, and agreed that one shell dropped near us and we'd all be wafted to heaven in a cloud of garlic.

With the shells removed, we found we had stumbled upon the retreat of a couple of Heinie officers, captains, for a guess. Two bunks occupied one side of the room, a table and a stove the other. Blankets, hung over the window and door, made a light safe; and presently Ludnager, luxurious dog, was brewing coffee over a can of Sterno. Eight men in the small room soon warmed it, and with the comforting light the place was as cozy as your own kitchen at home. The evening passed as we basked in our unaccustomed ease. Jim, as might be expected, took the occasion to write to his

girl. Kinny started a blackjack game. Chaplain Hatch read his Bible and I sat on the edge of a bunk and read my shirt.

At about nine o'clock someone pounded on the door, and with sinking hearts we put out the light and opened it. Surrounded by thick layers of raincoats and rain, we found Sparks, one of Major Brewer's runners. We re-lit the light. "Pretty damn soft for you guys," he said, looking around. "Headquarters is in a damned wet, lousy dugout, and you got a regular palace here. Sergeant Van Epps, they're raiding that pill box in front of St. Benoit tonight, and you got to have a first aid man at Battalion P. C. tonight at twelve o'clock."

"Who is putting on the show?" asked Jim.

"Two volunteers from each company."

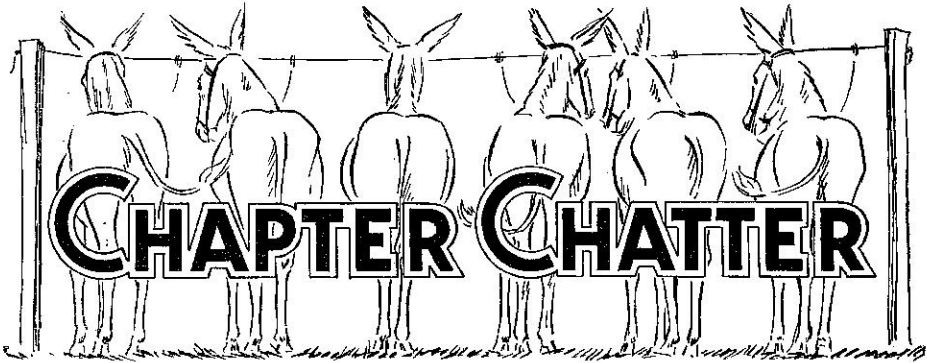
"What the hell do they want a first aid man for? He'll get the works the minute he raises up to work on anyone. This is a hell of a job. I'm not going to detail anyone. If any of you guys are crazy, go on and go!"

"Tough luck, Sarge," sympathized Sparks. "Bunch was over at the P. C. when I left; why don't you tell your troubles to him?"

"Go to hell," responded Van Epps, and Sparks went on his way. Quite possibly he went to hell, for I never saw him again.

Personally, there were few things I wanted to do less than to leave my snug retreat and go get killed. And the nature of the assignment carried the broad implication that this was just how the job would end. The "pill box" to be taken was a concrete pit with low, broad bulwarks through which a distressingly effective stream of machine gun fire had taken a severe toll of our advance lines before St. Benoit. For three days our artillery had endeavored to drop a shell in its venomous depths, but despite the vaunted skill of the Minnesota artillerymen they had not scored a bullseye. The present plan (made evident to us by the mere suggestion) was to send a small party under the shelter of darkness, hoping to get fairly close before they would be observed, and then to rush the post. If only one man survived the withering fire sure to follow, he could destroy the nest with one grenade. This was the plan, and a sound one, but a first aid man fitted into the picture for one reason only. The first aid man might crawl along on his belly like the rest, but the first time he tried to work on a wounded man, he must become a conspicuous mark for the

Continued on page 12



OHIO With the game suppers and the Christmas parties over. Ohio Rainbowers are now looking ahead to February, when the anniversary of the entrance of the 166th Infantry into the trenches in the Luneville sector falls due. Columbus and Lancaster Chapters will hold their banquets on February 22. Dyer J. Bird Chapter at Marion may also hold a banquet on the 22nd. Cleveland Chapter plans to make its February meeting the biggest event of its year, with a special program.

Comrade Frank D. Henderson, adjutant general of Ohio for eight of the past ten years, will retire from that office shortly after the first of the year, due to a change in the state administration. Comrade John C. Volka, past state president, has been assistant adjutant general under General Henerson.

Two comrades were elected sheriffs in Ohio at the last election. Fred Miller, past state vice president, was elected sheriff of Marion County, and Bill Bellhorn was re-elected in Fairfield County. Marion and Lancaster, respectively, are the county seats.

We neglected to mention that Comrade Fred Kuntz, chief of police at Columbus, is drum major of the prize-winning Franklin Post band at the Miami convention. The band, judged the best Legion band in the nation, is directed by Comrade Alphonse Cincione and Comrade Sam Lichtenstein was its manager on the trip.

The chapter at London recently formed a Rainbow Auxiliary and the ladies are taking a great interest. Recently the chapter at Delaware had as its guest speakers two former German veterans.

Word has been received that a former member of the Ohio outfit, the 166th, heads the Birmingham, Ala., Chapter, in the person of Walter W. Houppert, ex-Company L.

It might be of interest to former members of the 166th Infantry to know that there are still some copies of "Ohio in the Rainbow," the war history of the regiment, still available. Copies are

sent free to men who served with the 166th if they send a request, together with their names, addresses, serial numbers, and names of their companies, to the Adjutant General's Office, Statehouse, Columbus, Ohio. Print or type-write the information needed so a quick checkup can be made.

Invitations have been sent all Ohio Representatives and Senators to attend the big Rainbow ball in Washington in January, and we are hoping they will all be present.

JACK HENRY.

VIRGINIA Happy New Year—to every Rainbow veteran anywhere and everywhere, from the members of the Virginia Chapter—and may we see you all in Washington in July, 1935. We will be there.

Our December meeting was the most enthusiastic and best attended of any we have had for some time, and if it was the Christmas spirit that brought 'em out, we hope it lasts longer than one month.

Believe it or not, we are still taking the old two bucks for dues, and are looking for plenty more soon. All Virginia Rainbow veterans please note.

The 1st Company, Virginia Coast Artillery Corps, whose members formed a unit of the M. P.'s in that old Rainbow Division, held their annual banquet in Roanoke December 28, and, as usual, Jim Dent was on hand to collect dues for the Virginia Chapter, and when he finished there was not enough left to pay expenses of the banquet. Incidentally, Jim was elected president of the 1st Company organization for the coming year.

We are looking forward to the second annual Rainbow broadcast on February 22, and believe we will be able to report a 100 per cent membership quota by that time.

Don't forget, comrades, we will see you in Washington in July.

BILL HITT.

MICHIGAN Now that the Christmas tree has been sawed up for the fireplace, the ornaments packed away for another year, New Year's Eve in all its glory has made its debut in Detroit's greatest celebration in years, we pause between hiccoughs to humor a slightly aggravated stomach and say, "Happy New Year," and wish you all a Rainbow of happiness throughout 1935.

At the last regular meeting of the chapter an amendment to our constitution was approved providing for two permanent honorary presidents, that we might properly honor former Governor Wilber M. Brucker (Headquarters Company, 166th Infantry) who so admirably served our organization as national president last year, and more particularly for his inauguration of our National Rainbow Hour over NBC on February 22 in honor of our first entry into the lines.

Again this year over 100 Rainbow kiddies of Michigan Rainbowers gathered on December 21 around our now annual Christmas tree to greet Santa Claus, who was on hand with a gift and candy for every last one of them. As usual, Jack Haas was M. of C. and had all the children doing their stuff in a very entertaining fashion. Our Christmas parties are one of the fine events of the chapter's year's activities.

The loss of Father Duffy's Chapter of New York has been Detroit's gain, as we now have for a member none other than our First Vice President "Gus" Hughes, while the Auxiliary has annexed the charming Mrs. Hughes. Your scribe would like to add that prior to the last meeting this said typical 69th-er was the honored guest at a little 1st Battalion round-up of local 165th men, assisted by one handsome artilleryman from the 149th. They arrived late for the meeting, but upon their arrival took charge of the meeting and Gus gave one of his own inimitable after-dinner speeches, which brought tears (from laughter) to the eyes of all present. (The Barrage, please copy.)

Our Armistice Day turnout was the largest ever, as the day fell on Sunday and even the usual A. W. O. L.'s were on hand. The women had donated a tidy sum for refreshments after the hike and perhaps that was the real reason. In any event, thanks to the "gals."

Along with the good cheer of the Yuletide and the New Year, our chapter has been visited by a great sadness and several irreparable losses. On November 9, 1934, Comrade LeRoy Adams, who served with the 165th Ambulance Company, answered "Last Call," the result of a heart attack. Just before the holidays our fine Auxiliary lost one of their most loyal and inspiring members in the

passing of Bernedette (Bern to you) Gallagher, wife of Rainbower Frank. All ladies who attended our Reunion here will remember her fine entertainment during the banquet and impersonations. And again, just before New Year's, Father Time took home Henry C. Eckhout, brother of Fred, whom you all met during the Reunion. Henry was one of those unfortunate men who froze his feet on that first December hike, and since the war has had six amputations of one leg, and succumbed only after one of the most courageous fights a man ever put up. To the surviving members of the families of LeRoy Adams, "Bern" Gallagher and Henry C. Eckhout the chapter extends deepest condolences.

Under The Rainbow—David Berg, of Flint, has been honored with the office of post adjutant of the A. C. Legion Post of that city. Dave helped Battalion E put those barrages down for the 88rd Brigade.

All Michigan State Rainbowers are urged to set up February 22 for Rainbow's gala state get-together in celebration of our entry into the lines and, from rumors, another National Rainbow Hour, sponsored this year by our 1935 host chapter, the District of Columbia. Don't miss this great event, which will be staged in the Rainbow Gardens of the Fort Shelby Hotel. Sam Miller, our chairman, says it's going to be a "wow," so plan this night with Rainbow in another one of our typical chummy cabaret-style parties. Many surprises are being planned, and arrangements have been completed to receive the broadcast direct at the party. All out-state Rainbowers are urged to plan their headquarters in Detroit on February 22 to attend this great event.

SHARON C. COVER.

FLORIDA Delegates from the Rainbow Division representing picked National Guard men who served in the World War attended the Rainbow Division banquet at the Alcazar Hotel with distinguished guests, including Gen. George E. Leach, chief of the National Guard Bureau, at the speakers' table with James E. Barney, Florida president of the 42nd Division, as master of ceremonies.

Speakers introduced by Barney included Edward Hemphill, Jacksonville attorney, and W. P. DAVIS, past commander of the Harvey Seeds Post.

Among the honored guests were Governor Scholtz, Col. George T. Ijams, Maj. O. W. Clarke and James T. Brady, of the veterans affairs bureau in Washington; Col. M. Bryson, chief of the St. Petersburg Veterans' Home; Col. J. Monroe Johnson, U.S.A.; retired Gov. Oley John-

son of North Carolina, and Brig. Gen. Frank T. Hines.

About 200 attended the banquet. Entertainment was furnished by George Hussey, general entertainment chairman for the convention.

Everyone had a very enjoyable evening, dancing until 2 a.m. Jim Barney did a swell job in entertaining the Rainbow during the Legion convention. Courtesy cars were extended to those who cared to drive, or a driver was furnished to others. Cocoanuts, alligators and big fish were plentiful for those who had enough patience to sit still long enough for a bite!

GEORGE IRWIN.

IOWA One of the best meetings of the year was held at Winterset on Wednesday, November 21, under the auspices of the Winterset members. In spite of the weather, some 25 members drove down from Des Moines and many of the neighboring towns were well represented. Practically every Winterset Rainbower turned out for the meeting, which was held in the Legion clubrooms at the courthouse. The boys at Winterset had rented the Country Club for the meeting, but the rain made the road impassable and the courthouse was used instead. Inasmuch as John Sawyer, the present sheriff, Earl Null, sheriff-elect, and Fonda Creger, the county treasurer, are all good Rainbowers, we had the run of the courthouse.

And did they show us a good time! Eats, drinks and merriment followed the meeting. No speeches, but Cap Aikins welcomed us, Earl Null told what a mistake the voters of Madison County had made in electing a county treasurer, and Fonda Creger retaliated in kind.

They're sure a swell bunch down there. And before we forget, Baldy Warrick wants to know when those Oskaloosa bootleggers are going to entertain the chapter.

On December 19 we held the annual children's Christmas party, with 150 in attendance. Plans are being made for the annual March 5 banquet to be held in Des Moines on that date.

Officers of Iowa Chapter: President, Mose Silverman, S & L Building, Des Moines, Ia.; vice president, Bert Boots, 4114 8th Street, Des Moines, Ia.; vice president, Lawrence Brooks, 3010 Oxford Street, Des Moines, Ia.; secretary, Homer W. Gardner, 318 5th Street, Des Moines, Ia.; treasurer, William M. Boots, 811 Shawnee Street, Des Moines, Ia.

Iowa Chapter meets the third Wednesday of each month at the Northwestern Hotel. Noon luncheon every Thursday at the Senate Cafe.

The best of season's greetings to all Rainbow veterans. May the new year

see us grow and also cash in on that bonus.

HOMER W. GARDNER.

CALIFORNIA Well, once more we take our hats off to Alabama! Besides producing the best infantry regiment in the World War, they now come out with the best football team since the W. W. The Stanford team know now how the German Army felt after the "Alabams" got through with them. Oh, well, California still has some pretty fair climate anyhowooo!

An Armistice dance was held on November 10, and on December 22 a Christmas dance was enjoyed at "Pete" Russell's Rendezvous. Pete hails from Illinois, and D Battery, 149th. He puts out some entertainment now and then at our regular meetings, all of which helps to make the meetings highly enjoyable.

The week between Christmas and New Year's was a busy one for a number of Rainbowers and some of the Auxiliary. Santa Claus gave a special party for Rainbow kids on the night of the 27th, before leaving for the North Pole, and on the same evening a couple of Alabama boys, Simpson and Dickerson, were being entertained at Pete Russell's place. These fellows came out with the football team and were guests of Slim Sutherland, our national secretary. We have no reports on what celebration took place after the big game, but we bet they all had bells on and stuff.

San Diego has again offered to play host to the Los Angeles gang, so we have a date on January 26, and put this down in your log book: we will be royally entertained. Speaking of Southern hospitality, that's one part of the South where the words really have meaning.

Comrade John J. Cassidy, from B Company, 165th, who is now commander of the Zane-Irwin Post of the American Legion in San Francisco, is organizing a get-together for Rainbow men in that section of the state. We wish him lots of success, and may his efforts be crowned with a real live Rainbow unit that will foster the good fellowship that is such a notable part of our organization.

We haven't heard much from up Sacramento way of late, but we know they are busy already laying their plans for the State Reunion to be held in the state capital in July.

Say! Who drew that heading for "Chapter Chatter," and are those artillery mules or engineer mules? And is the motif faintly suggestive of the fact that a lot of the well-known B. S., or H. S. comes from the various and sundry chapters? Just an old soldier looking for information. That's all.

MAYNARD BLEDSOE.

MARYLAND The Maryland Chapter met at the War Memorial Building on December 6 and earned another Battle Credit.

A committee was appointed at the November meeting to study various questions of interest to ex-service men and boy! did they study and did they report. Briefly, they recommended that:

The bonus question be left in the hands of the President of the United States and to abide gracefully by whatever decision he makes;

This organization go on record opposing any non-service disability act but insisting that every chance be given the veteran to prove his case if it be in any way connected with his service;

This organization absolutely opposes the mixing of veterans' matters in politics; that politicians, with their false promises and insincere leadership have done the veterans untold harm; that we produce our own leaders in the future;

That we pledge ourselves to back all newspapers in their efforts to expose bogus veterans and their chiseling.

If you don't think there is enough in these paragraphs to start a battle then you don't know anything about the Maryland Chapter, Rainbow Division Veterans.

Steve Masson got so emotional over the losses the government has sustained that he wanted not only to give up his bonus but to send his Congressman his second best suit of heavy underwear.

A couple of the fellows were perfectly willing to throw in their ten-day leaves to Aix-le-Bains for good measure.

Bud Wiese took issue with Steve on one or two points but spoiled his case by the use of some very naughty words. Oh Bud, how could you?

To be serious for just a moment: after about two hours' discussion, the various recommendations were approved and there has been a tremendous wave of favorable comment from the press and public generally on the stand taken by by this chapter.

The committee, consisting of Jack Clark, Tom Price, Skeets Fanning and Jimmy Lean worked conscientiously. Jack seems to be on all committees. They say he even devotes a little of his spare time to his business.

We were glad to welcome an old friend from down there in Virginia, namely, Lieut. "Big Dick" Hundley, the man who would have stopped the Champagne drive with his trusty machine gun much sooner if he had known how to shoot his trusty machine gun. "Big Dick's" visits are much too far apart to suit us.

HARRY STANSBURY.

In Memoriam

HENRY C. ECKHOUT
163th AMBULANCE COMPANY
DIED AT DETROIT, MICH.
DECEMBER 29, 1934

JACKSON S. MARTIN
SANITARY DETACHMENT
168th INFANTRY
DIED AT PITTSBURGH, PA.

LEROY ADAMS
165th AMBULANCE COMPANY
DIED AT DETROIT, MICH.
NOVEMBER 9, 1934

WILLIAM LENARTZ DEATON
E COMPANY
117th ENGINEERS
DIED AT PORTLAND, OREGON
MAY 7, 1934

H. H. HUNDLEY
117th TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY
DIED AT NORTH RIVER, VA.
DECEMBER 27, 1934

RONALD M. OSBORNE
117th TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY
DIED AT DETROIT, MICH.
DECEMBER 26, 1934

J. L. MONTGILLION
117th TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY
DIED AT BALTIMORE, MD.
JANUARY 19, 1935

IRVING G. HOFFMAN
117th TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY
DIED AT BALTIMORE, MD.
JANUARY 15, 1935

WILLIAM R. JONES
L COMPANY
167th INFANTRY
DIED AT KENOSHA, WIS.
JULY 10, 1934

LLOYD RAUSCH
D COMPANY
166th INFANTRY
DIED AT JOHNSON'S ISLAND, OHIO
JUNE 17, 1934

CLAY A. PARR
D COMPANY
166th INFANTRY
DIED AT DAYTON, OHIO
DECEMBER 2, 1934

THE NEW WASHINGTON

As if touched by a genii, Washington—the people's city—is emerging these months as the world's most beautiful capital. But no mere wave of a magic wand is creating this new Washington.

Millions of dollars. Thousands of workers. The foremost architects in the country. Artists of international fame. The skill of the best horticulturists. All of these factors are contributing to the remarkable transformation of the old Washington, as it was known in history books, to the new Washington, which today is not only the focal point in the world of politics, but is outstanding in the world of beautiful cities.

To you veterans of the 42nd Division who have not been in Washington for the last few years, the Capital will appear almost as an illusion when you arrive here for the Seventeenth Annual Reunion in July, 1935.

The high wooden fences surrounding the building construction for many months have been torn down, revealing the classic beauty and simplicity of the government's new headquarters, which began as a \$220,000,000 building program. Elaborate landscaping projects recently planned to include the planting of more trees, the laying out of more flower beds, will be a fitting background for the new buildings.

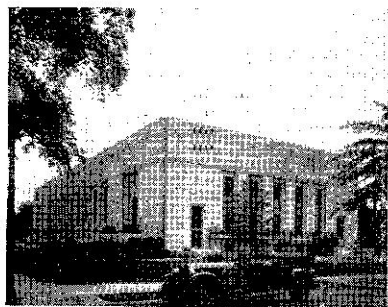
Adorned by the best skill of landscape architects from all parts of the United States, miles of natural hills and valleys within Washington, such as Rock Creek Park and Great Falls, will add their beauty to the Washington summer scene.

To you coming to Washington in July there is no doubt that you will admire most the marvelous developments made in the building, the enlargements, the beautification of our Nation's Capital. Then too, you will see all of the old buildings worth visiting time and time again—the Congressional Library, with its wealth of literature and art; the Capitol, the Washington Monument, the White House. You will be interested in the new Folger Memorial Library, in which is treasured the matchless Shakespearean collection; the new Botanical Conservatory, considered one of the finest in this country, with its rare tropical plants and flamboyant birds; the Plaza development, halfway between the Union Station and the Capitol, with its reflecting pool mirroring the Capitol dome, and its magnificent fountain sparkling high in the air, catching the sunlight by day and vari-colored flashing lights by night.

It is the federal triangle, just recently completed, that will perhaps draw the greatest attention of visitors coming to Washington for the first time in several

months. Here, in an area on which the U. S. Government has held a death's hand for nearly half a century, has arisen what architects feel is the most imposing unified architectural composition in the world. On ten blocks between Pennsylvania Avenue and the Mall has been erected a series of coordination. Among the federal activities housed in this area are the National Archives, Department of Justice, Internal Revenue Bureau, Post Office Department, Interstate Commerce Commission, Department of Labor, Department of Commerce, and others. It is the greatest governmental project ever conceived and erected in the history of the world.

The advantage of coming to Washington is two-fold. From the most historic city in this country one may easily visit many outlying sections of national fame. For instance, along the new Mount Vernon Memorial Highway, which is the finest piece of road construction in the



FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

world, there are such places as the Arlington National Cemetery, the Lee Mansion in Arlington, Alexandria, and Mount Vernon. Sight-seeing trips to other spots equally as interesting may be made within a few minutes' drive from Washington.

Washington itself is distinctly American, yet it contains that element of old world power and regal splendor that makes it the most individual city in the world. Along the stately stretch of Sixteenth Street, which leads like a glamorous pathway from the front door of the White House, lies the bulk of the embassies and legations housing the envoys of other nations. France, Spain, Poland, Cuba, Mexico, Honduras, Yugoslavia, Lithuania, Hungary, and the newest and by far the most interesting of diplomatic additions—Russia—have their headquarters on this street. Then, there is the beautiful "Street of Embassies"—Massachusetts Avenue—on which is located the English, Japanese, German, Austrian and Belgian Embassies.

"TO THE LADIES"

Really, the District of Columbia Auxiliary is taking no chances in not being ready to perform their duties as hostesses for the Reunion in July. On November 2, 1934, the first reorganization meeting took place. November 16, 1934, the following were elected and assumed office:

Mrs. Colston, President;
Mrs. Patterson, Vice President;
Mrs. Jackson, Vice President;
Mrs. Sexton, Secretary-Treasurer;
Mrs. Mahan, Sergeant-at-Arms;
Executive Committee: Mrs. Marcus,
Mrs. Packard, Mrs. Purcell, Mrs. Rodier
and Mrs. Shiles.

December 5 a successful bridge. January 5, joining with the D. C. Chapter in its dance held in the largest ballroom in town.

The status of wife to a member of the chapter responsible for the Reunion may have its disadvantages (one lonely wife is talking of an alienation of affections suit, naming the Rainbow Association

as correspondent). But husbands do talk and so we've learned something of the projected program. Of prime importance is that more than ever before in Rainbow Reunions will the ladies participate in the various functions. It wouldn't do to go into detail, because even men do change their minds. But the ladies will distinctly take part in a big way. Every Rainbow lady can truly say: "What, Washington without me!"

Washington! Seat of government, scene of much of the romance and the tradition of the republic, magnificent with its buildings, monuments, parks and trees, and hard by, the heart of Maryland, the dividing Potomac, historic Virginia. But then, to tell of the allure is the men's job.

You've an inkling what's in store for you, Rainbow ladies. Now make your plans to come.

CAMILLE R. NEAGLE,
National Vice President,
Rainbow Division Auxiliary.

THE GAMBLERS

(Continued from page six)

enemy, and the fireworks would begin. But to send a party out without a first aid man is to confess the hopeless nature of the venture, with a consequent depression of morale.

And so, I just plumb didn't want to go. Still, there is a certain feeling about such matters, and I, with four others equally eager, no doubt, volunteered to go. Van Epps was seriously distressed at the necessity of choosing a man, when Bill Kinny spoke up.

"Jim, I don't mind getting killed so much, but this is a hell of a night to leave our happy home. Get the chaplain to deal the cards, and let the ace of spades go."

The suggestion was a happy one, and we five stood around the table, and gave a deck of cards to Chaplain Hatch. He made no demurrer at dealing the cards in a game where a man's life hung on the turn of a card, and shuffled the deck with a skill which belied his calling.

I stood at his left, and he dealt to the right, one card at a time.

Slowly the deal went around, and as each card was turned a face would whiten and flush. Around the table went the deal, the ace of spades surely imminent now, and each card hit the table like a

hammer at my heart. The excitement had heightened the distaste for going, and each time the deal came to me I died, and was born again at the sight of the friendly card.

The deal went around until there were but five or six cards remaining, and as it narrowed down the chaplain turned the cards more slowly still, and as if with an effort.

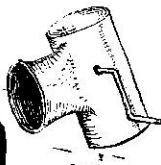
To my right was Franklin, to his was Ludnager. The few cards that remained carried a death sentence for one man. If the ace passed me this time I was free. My heart pumped and the blood roared in my ears. My mouth was dry and I licked my lips.

Hatch dealt a card to Franklin and slowly turned it. A black ace—but of clubs. A faint smile passed over Franklin's face. There remained three cards, and, as if resisting an unseen hand, Chaplain Hatch turned over and dealt the ace of spades to Ludy.

I gasped. Ludy said not a word, but walked slowly to the corner and with meticulous care put on his slicker, mask, helmet, and musette bag of dressings. Returning to the table, he thoughtfully picked up the ace and slipped it in his pocket. Still silent, he went to the door, turned, and mutely asked for lights out. The candle snuffed, the door opened. A rush of wind and cold rain, and he was gone.



Gas Alarm



"I remember once on the Ourcq . . . " and the story, packed with human interest, thrills or humor, is on! That is what we want for this new feature of the Reveille. Send in your contribution, addressed to "Gas Alarm," the Reveille, 717 Sixth St. N.W., Washington, D. C. The most entertaining letter in each issue will be selected by General Henry J. Reilly, and the writer will receive a free registration at the D. C. Reunion in 1935.

Write up your most exciting, or your most amusing experience during the war, and send it in. Make them brief and full of action—but send 'em on, and watch for them in the Reveille.

F. JOSEPH FISHER WINS GAS ALARM CONTEST

Comrade F. Joseph Fisher, 2712 East Tremont Avenue, Bronx, N. Y., was awarded a free registration at the Seventeenth Annual Reunion, July 12, 13, 14, 1935, at Washington, D. C., for his contribution to Gas Alarm, appearing in the November-December issue of the Reveille. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, who is acting as judge of this contest, stated that each contribution carried in this issue deserves honorable mention, and that a selection was difficult. Fisher's beer kegs won the day with the general, however, and he will be a welcome guest at the registration desk next July.

Here is a suggestion to you Gas Alarmers. If you will make your contributions somewhat briefer we can carry more of 'em. But long or short, send in your contrib. It belongs in the "record" and Gas Alarm will put it there.

FUN IN THE FIELD ARTILLERY

Yes, I remember when — and it was plenty funny and no one in the section dared to laugh.

A Battery, 150th Field Artillery was in position in the Baccaret sector, it was early in the spring, we had fired the night before and had, to some extent torn up our trail spade trench. We had been losing a lot of sleep and no one was particularly peppy. Lieutenant Knaff, executive officer, came along that morning and ordered us to repair our trail spade trench. We started, but every one had one excuse or another to keep from doing too much of the work, with the result that later in the day Lieutenant Knaff came by to see how work was progressing and found very little done. I forgot to tell you, previously, that Lieutenant Knaff was of German extraction, but a real American in every respect, but that has nothing to do with the story. He came—he saw—then he called Sergeant Karl Moore. "Sergeant Moore, phy iss no more done to the trench?" Sergeant Moore had no answer; there wasn't any. Lieutenant Knaff then told the sergeant, "Vell, py Gott, youse birds vill do that today if it takes all veek, py Gott!"

And nobody laughed—then.

PAUL L. WATTERS,
Pvt. (buck), 150th F. A.

CASUALTY THROWS AMBULANCE MEN

We were in Pexonne, down in Lorraine,

where we were running a dressing station. One Saturday night, as one of the infantry outfits was leaving the trenches, several men were killed and others wounded by the accidental explosion of some hand grenades. The wounded were brought in, their wounds dressed, and they were sent on to the hospital. On Sunday morning one of the little Ford ambulances drove up with the bodies of the dead. This should have been a tragic and sober event, as these were the first dead we had come in contact with, but it turned out to be funny. Two of the boys had carefully removed the first body, placing it gently on a litter. Then Harold Lorden and I got a litter ready, and we each grabbed hold of a leg to drag out the second fellow. We pulled, but the leg in Lorden's hands wasn't fastened to the poor devil's body, and Lorden went sprawling over backwards, the leg hitting him squarely in the face. Of course, we all roared with laughter, and this probably saved our stomachs, because the sight of a mangled body was new to us. It took some time to revive Lorden, but we finally succeeded, with the aid of some lemon extract.

WILLIAM J. OUTCALT.

BILL DONOVAN "Once on the Ourcq"
ON THE OURCQ I went forward from
 Foret de Fere with a
 party made up of Captain Jacobsen
 (French), a lieutenant (Weaver, I think),
 from the 75s; and some telephone fel-
 lows who unreeled wire, to try to estab-
 lish liaison with a battalion of the 165th
 Infantry, being up in Bois Colos, con-
 fronting Meurcy Farm. (I was a first
 lieutenant in command of a battery of
 155s, 150th Field Artillery, firing from
 Foret de Fere. In my pocket, next to
 10,000 body lice, was an order to return
 to the States when relieved from this
 operation.) We passed the two German
 planes mentioned by Ralph L. Mead in
 November-December Gas Alarm and I
 tore an instrument, wind-gauge, I be-
 lieve, from the instrument board of one.
 Still have it. The aviators were getting
 a little "high" and had been relieved of
 whatever watches or trinkets they may
 have had. Their planes had not collided,
 as we all thought, but were shot down
 by a sergeant (Frank Gardello, I think—
 later killed) of the 165th.

After some plain and fancy ducking
 and driving we reached the infantry,
 dug-in on the hill of Bois Colos, under
 fire of small arms and shrapnel. They
 were firing from the forward edge of the
 woods on Meurcy Farm, Bois Brule and
 a wheat field between, at range of about
 400 meters. In command was Maj.
 William Donovan, who ever since has
 been my hero ideal of a soldier. There
 was also a chubby major with a Legion
 of Honor ribbon and a red-headed, freck-
 led Australian officer in Boy Scout rig.
 (Names unknown.)

The 75s were adjusted and then I fired
 my 155s with apparent effect. Four
 hundred yards, you know, is a very short
 distance to fire 155 stuff over the heads
 of infantry when your guns are worn
 out (in Champagne) and you are using
 unknown and mixed powder lots. My
 heart stopped as every one of my shells
 came along—a weak charge, a loose ro-
 tating hand and a shell might drop on us.
 Then the doughboys would have shot me
 and I wouldn't have blamed them.

During a lull I crawled back to where
 Donovan had his P. C. and had a drink
 of French whisky. About that time a
 little soldier came running up: "Major,
 sir, the Germans are coming around the
 corner of the hill—there's a thousand
 of them!"

"Oh, Lord," thought I to myself, "here's
 where we get captured, and me with that
 order for home in my pocket!" Mean-
 while loosening up the Colt .45 I had
 never yet fired.

But the Major! He glared at this boy
 and remarked very calmly but emphati-
 cally:

"Why the hell come and tell me about
 it? Get your bayonets fixed and go out
 and get 'em!"

Soldiers jumped up and trotted off
 through the trees, with equipment rat-
 tling. A burst of small-arms fire, a few
 shouts. Then they trickled back and lay
 down. I know what was said to have hap-
 pened, but never saw it in print. Maybe
 somebody else who was there would like
 to spill it?

H. D. SCOTT.

THE BATTLE OF HILL 212

*(Told in alleged rhyme and rhythm by
 a private who neither knew then nor now
 anything about the movement as viewed
 by the high command—and would not
 tell you if he did. This account is true
 in spirit and almost true in literal detail.
 It is dedicated to the real front line
 fighting men, dead and alive; also to the
 little heroes, being born every minute,
 who may some day have to defend their
 country.)*

Squish, squish, squash, squash!
 We soldiers tramp the mush and mud!
 A drizzling rain beats down a field
 That has outgrown the sword and shield
 Where Prussian Guards refuse to yield,
 Entrench'd on yonder hill!
 We hunger as we splash the gore,
 But know full well 'tis but our store—
 When some go here who'll eat no more—
 And some march here to meet the dead!

And now the daylight reds the east!
 The shining sun's on bayonets
 That spark and glass and flash and
 gleam!—
 By such shining grandeur could it seem
 For shot and shell to split our team!—
 So fine and unafraid!
 As straight for Heaven or Hell we're
 bound!—
 Or yet perchance if still unfound—
 So soon at last a new-earth mound—
 Where some shall sleep when comes the
 snow!

Now corpses strewn along the way
 With martyr'd horses from the fray!
 And lying lonesome where they fell
 With horror still like funeral bell,
 They tone the pall of Death's lone knell,
 And sicken us as we starve!
 But 'tis no time to weep or blue,
 Or mourn the fate of mortal few—
 But cut this German line in two!—
 Or fail and fall this day in Hell!

And now we swarm to rightward flank,
 And break the form of file and rank,
 And "log" across the River Ourcq!
 That's known no ships of wood or cork—
 A baby stream lost by th' stork—
 And charge the Hell-blown hill!
 And now as far as eye can see—
 That wrecks the land we're setting free—
 The dirt is ripped in blasting spree!
 That blows the bravest men to bits!

As if we're cows that fences bind—
 The German fire is thrown behind!
 As if to thirst and starve us fast—
 Like helpless members bound in cast—
 They let no friend slip in or past!
 And blast the spring and river!
 And now they fire a nine-inch gun!
 That flings its shells up toward the sun!
 And with precision so well done—
 That blows some men to sausage meat!

And now two nights and days of blast,
 Ere hope and help come through at last!
 And at this hope we stand aghast—
 Rememb'r it long when it's past—
 For blood-taint water after fast!—
 Entombed on this hill!
 But now American guns they boom!—
 The far-flung shells do zip and zoom!—
 Like Hell's lost fiends who're seeking
 room!—
 We charge the death o'er "Dead Man's
 Hill!"

And now their desperate stand is broke,
 With much of fear of the German yoke!
 And stumbling back in seek of rest—
 Old Glory waves—it seems—full drest,
 For "boys o' war" who've done their
 best—

Gain self-respect as their reward!
 Take off clothes thread-bare and thin—
 And shoes worn since none know when—
 And peel off socks that take the skin—
 And jump! if a gun fires salute!

ROBERT P. CAIN,
 151st M. G. Bn.

THEY SHALL NOT PASS At noon of July 13, a
 white pass was picked

up to visit Chalons-sur-Marne, a large town of some twelve kilometers away. When about one-third of that distance had been hiked on the national poste road, there was a pause for rest in a small copse of trees. It was Saturday and in the grove a detachment of French "Blue Devils" were bivouaced. They were munching on hard bread, canned meat and vin rouge. The corporal in charge interrupted a day-dream by asking the way to Miomandie, which was near the front line trenches west of Suippes.

"Cinq kilomet ouest ouves Bussy, mon vieux," I hazarded.

"Merci beaucoup, mon chere; un soldat avec mal de tete et section des renseignements de l'observation du terrain malade, parte Hulus quarte heure est tout suite," explained the N. C. O., whose objective was the zone of friction.

When the contents of a musette bag and canteen of fresh water was consumed, I assisted the veteran non com to improvise a litter of sorts with saplings to carry the fatigued soldier back to the village, where the party preferred to sojourn at the armee "Cooperative," for stimulating refreshments with their own nationality. A votre sante bon entertainment pour le soldat d'Amerique! I had rather get a pass and not use it, and as an old Army sergeant once put it: "If you want to get all the fun out of your pass, never go to town!"

LONGHORN PETE,
 El Paso, Texas.

**165th INFANTRY One dark, rainy
 ATTACKS Sunday night in the
 FIGHTING 69th spring of 1918 we**
 were in, at and around the town of Rucerville at the time Sgt. Tex Baker and Lieutenant Stone led a "bunch of the boys" (about 10 in all) in furtive silence out beyond the barbed wire. Outside our line, we split into two groups and crawled around and around in the darkness—at last reaching a deserted trench. Here something radically wrong developed—shells from the direction of our own line started to fall uncomfortably close. After an unpleasant half hour (more or less) of this bombardment, Sergeant Baker decided on a little strategy, id est, a movement in the direction of our own lines. The six of us headed for home.

As we reached the vicinity of our (own) wire one of our group inadvertently rattled a few tin cans strung up on the wire. Whereupon, a reception committee in this sector opened fire on us, tossing out a few "jimmy footballs" for good measure.

However, "all's well that ends well"—the epithets that rent the air convinced the boys in front that we really belonged on their side.

Before I close, may I say that our mission was accomplished; at least we were not "lost, strayed or stolen."

This anecdote, I believe, should come under the heading of "exciting and amusing."

WALTER THOMAS COLLINS,
 B Co., 165th Inf., 42nd Div.

Addendum—Sgt. Tex Baker was killed shortly after this patrol (June 11, I believe)—others in the group included Jack McDonald (A) KIA; Jack Thompson (A) KIA; Eddie Stubbs (A).

RAINBOW DIVISION HISTORY TO BE FINISHED BY CONVENTION

As a result of a visit to Maj. Gen. Benson W. Hough at Columbus, Ohio, made by the national president, M. Manning Marcus, and the Rainbow historian, Brig. Gen. Henry J. Reilly, plans are under way which it is expected will result in the history of the Division being completed and possibly published in time for this summer's National Reunion at Washington, D. C.

General Hough was appointed at the Detroit Reunion chairman of the Board of Trustees for the History. Other members are Gen. Matthew A. Tinley and Col. J. Monroe Johnson.

Previous conferences in Washington between Gen. Mat A. Tinley, Mr. Marcus and General Reilly, and between Colonel Johnson and Mr. Marcus, had determined the views of these members. Governor Brucker had already expressed his views.

As a result of these conferences, it was decided that advance orders would be invited at once with the understanding that delivery is to be made at a later date. The price per volume will be \$5.00. Payment may be made in full or five \$1.00 installments.

Some years ago a group headed by Col. Grayson M.-P. Murphy, Ambassador Noble B. Judah, Colonel Rumbough, Colonel Donovan and General Reilly, decided to go ahead with the history of the Division, as there seemed little prospect of its being finished as the result of National Convention resolutions.

Carried to the point where a few months more work would complete it, the depression put a stop to its being finished.

The group which carried the work to this point and in the fullest accord with the plans of President Marcus and the trustees headed by General Hough.

Many of the gaps which exist today are, if General Reilly's plans are to be completed, due to the fact that some of the regimental and other unit commanders, the front line battalion commanders, and patrol commanders have not yet sent in the personal accounts of the various critical periods they went through.

Those sent in several years ago are very interesting and help to make the history a human document and not merely a record of events.

So come across NOW! Literary masterpieces are not expected nor desired. The story of your worst and bravest and most critical moments, just as you tell it while discussing a battle with a friend or two, is what is wanted.

Incidentally, General Reilly says all matter sent to him for his use but to be returned will be carefully preserved. This is the case with everything received to date. Sketches as well as manuscripts are desired.

The history as planned (and bids have already been received), would be the size of, perhaps a little larger, than one volume of General Pershing's Memoirs. Besides a number of photographic illustrations, it will contain a considerable number of sketches and several insert maps. It will be about 200,000 words, probably more.

Go in any book store, see what a handsome volume such a size book is. See whether you can get a book like this for as little as \$5.00. Fill in the blank printed below and help to get the History started.

ELMER F. NEAGLE, Treasurer
Rainbow Division History Fund
231 House Office Building
Washington, D. C.

Here is _____, to be credited to my subscription to The Rainbow Division History, to be delivered to me as soon as published.
(Name and address below.)

POSTMASTER: If addressee has removed and new address is known, notify sender on postage for which is guaranteed.

FORM 3547